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ing the emblem of the tribe, and brought it to the ground. With the sudden overthrow of the Holy Standard, the resistance of the Amarat also broke down and, terror-stricken, they suffered a crushing defeat.

On the battlefield the victors found Jidua, killed from ambush by a foot-soldier, and the Amarat maiden of the camel throne—Jamila—who had stabbed herself to death so as not to survive the shame of her people's defeat. The Wuld'Ali, indeed, claim to this day that Jidua had been Jamila's lover; for, they say, the lifeless bodies of those two were found side by side beneath the collapsed *Markab,* and one of Jamila's hands was still clenched round the hilt of her dagger while her other hand clasped the hand of Jidua.

After the defeat of the Amarat, the *sheykh* of the Wuld'Ali presented the *Markab* and with it Jidua's sword, now famous, to the Ruala, since it was a Rueyli who had overthrown the *Markab* and thus brought about the victory to the Wuld'Ali. Since then this sacred emblem has been in the hands of the Sha'lan family and has accompanied the Ruala in all their victorious wars, a symbol of their dominant position among all the Bedouin tribes of Arabia.

Of Jidua's sword—Thu'l-Hayyatu—"the-one-endowed-with-life"—there is also an older legend, which the aged Prince Nuri Sha'lan thus related to me:

In the fifth century of the Hegira (the twelfth by our reckoning) when the 'Anaza Bedouins were still grazing their camels south of Teyma at the Jabal Bird, it happened on the sacred pilgrim's road to Mecca from Damascus. Janda ibn Mubadir, an ancestor of Jidua, was

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travelling with his clan toward Khaybar, seeking the *Dira* (pasture grounds) by the Jabal Abyadh and in the Wadi Rama. One still dark night, when the red campfires flickered in the tents, the air was suddenly filled with a terrific roaring. A mighty thunder-clap rent the sky, the ground trembled and swayed, and the whole world seemed to be tumbling. Every living thing leapt up in mortal terror and ran hither and thither. From the midst of the dark heavens above there broke forth a light that shone over the quaking earth with swiftly growing brilliance, until in a moment it had equalled the luminous power of the noonday sun and surpassed its heat. It blinded men and beasts and struck them down. The earth split; a sound of hissing, tearing, and crashing beyond the power of description filled the air, and a sulphurous smoke hung over the scarred earth.

When morning dawned it was found that many persons had been struck dead; their mutilated bodies were lying about. A crater-like scar marked the place where an unusually large meteorite had buried itself. In addition, a number of men and camels had disappeared without trace into the bowels of the earth, buried forever under sand and stones.

Janda ibn Mubadir and his war-mare, as well as two of his camels, lay dead before the wreck of his torn and partly burned tent. From opposite ends of the desert, from Haleb (Aleppo) in the north and el-Tayef (near Mecca) in the south, came reports that this exceptionally brilliant meteor, with its eerie sound, like "ker-ker-ker", had been observed, and that even the noise of its striking had been heard.

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Some years afterwards some bolder spirits among the Bedouins nerved themselves to examine the hole torn in the earth. To their joy, these Bedouins discovered that the rift, widened and cleared by them, began to fill with water. Bir er-Ra'ad (the Thunder Fountain) they named the well. During the excavation, they found small fragments of the splintered "messenger-from-the-sky." A son of Ibn Mubadir took one such fragment from the meteor and fashioned from it a sword two and a half feet long. It gleams to-day as it did then, as if it were brand-new. It is of a bluish tint without one rust stain, and fine silvery wavy marks run down the precious blade, which is as light as a feather. A silversmith of Damascus made a handsome hilt and an equally handsome scabbard for it, and another artist engraved the blade with Arabic runes in gold.

"The Sword-of-Janda-and-Jidua" is thus, in the truest sense, a gift of heaven, and that is why it is called also the "Sword of God" and "The Life-endowed One."

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When, at the end of that time of grievous famine, the Ruala had entered the life-giving pastures of the Fid'an and Saba, Amir Nuri Sha'lan presented me with this sword, to keep in remembrance of this adventure and my share in it.

I need not say how much I treasure it.

[For texts of native poems, songs, tales and myths in the original and in translation, see category 116 as follows:

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Falconry		34-35
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no rains after the *hejf* in summer nor after the *šemâli* in winter. The wolf struggles, *ṭâred*, with the south wind and overcomes and drives away the north wind. Abu Zejd and his sweetheart 'Alja are the heroes of stories that are told among

FIG. 1—*Umm al-rejṭ*, mother of rain.

the settlers. They are supposed to have owned the towns now lying in ruins and to have lived in manors, the crumbling walls of which rise high above the horizon on the borders of the desert.

In every tent a gift of some kind is handed to the girls accompanying the *umm al-rejṭ*. Having visited all the tents in the camp, they go with their *umm al-rejṭ* to a small tent pitched at some distance, where they divide and eat whatever has been given them, remove the gown from the cross, and in the evening return to their tents.

PERIODS OF ABUNDANCE AND WANT

An abundant *wasm* rain, especially the rain of *aṯ-ṯurâwi* (of the Pleiades) assures to the Bedouins, as we have already said, a rich pasture of annual plants or grasses, *'ešeb*, and thus abundance, commonly called *rubṭ*. In the inner desert